THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

"Did you ever place a hollow sea-shell to your ear and notice the perpetual sighing for the waters that ought to fill it?"

Where are the bright waves straying now?—
Where are the bright waves gone?
I feel the warmth of the summer's glow;
But I pine for the sea-wave's tone.
I've dwelt in the depths of the calm blue sea,
In the mermaid's coral cave,
Given back that ocean longe to me,
And my spirit's love—the wave!

I've heard the bullet's thrilling tale,
Poured to the blushing flower;
I've heard the sculptor's sublimest trail,
When it paused at evening's hour;
I've listened when the poet sang
Sweet songs in their own bright sphere,
And a thousand mystic tones of love,
Unheard by mortal ear.

The bullet's song may breathe of love
To the cares of the bright parterre:
The stars may weave for, the above
Parent lays of their glorious sphere:
But yet I pine for these depths below,
And that ever-restless tone!
Where are the bright waves straying now?—
Where are the bright waves gone?

Nantucket, N. C., 1845.

"WHY DON'T HE COME?"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Why don't he come?" The hour has past away;
The Moon's retired, and there's the dawn of day;
Yet he's not come. Oh! can he leave forgot
His vows—His fears—and the tender sigh?

"Why don't he come?" He vow'd, when last we parted,
I should be his. If I cannot be his bride!
The last embrace—the kiss—the fond "Adieu,"
Prove fair from love. He will not be untrue.

"Why don't he come?" Roll on, ye sluggish hours,
Bear on your wings the storm that round me lowers,
And soon will burst upon this lonely heart
I feel its weight. Oh! why did he depart?

"Why don't he come?" The Sun's meridian height
Warms me now, and dissipates the chill of night;
Makes Nature smile. All things around are gay
But my own heart—it chides his long delay.

"Why don't he come?" The evening dew is falling,
And the lone plough-boy's left his weary calling;
The birds sit silent, now, each their nest to rest,
While I still linger here and don't rest come.

"Why don't he come?" I'll be me down and rest
My weary limbs, upon the Earth's soft breast;
And, slumbering, dream his fervent, fond adieu,
As when we parted last. He cannot be untrue.

January 12, 1846. R. S.

Original Tales.

ELLEN LINDLAY.
A Tale of our own Time.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Ellen, I fancy these bright dreams of yours will not be realized at least if you are thinking on the great absorbing theme of your waking hours.

Why not, Aunt? May I not anticipate in pleasure as well as others? and not only pleasure, but I think I may say happiness and a future home.

Oh, yes, my dear! but anticipation and realization are very different things, and very unlike in the nature of gratification; they be-come bone since vision accords the most ardent expectations, be more often uncertain or transitory than realization of pleasure from any desired object. I know by experience, the heighthens of the appearances under which you are aspiring in advance on one hand, at least, of the real happiness you are promising yourself.

And you found that you had overdrawn your picture, as you would intimate?

Even so, Ellen; the bright side was so attractive, that I felt averse myself to consider the chances of disappointment. Those chances are far more numerous than that by accident, or unexpected circumstances become greater by their being unexpected.

Perhaps you circumstances were not like my case?

They were not very dissimilar. Some day I may exchange with a bishop, and make use of my experiences. At present, learn seriously to view your prospects of future happiness not in the deceptive light of an unsuspecting and fond nurse, but with that truth-teaching and heart-weighing spirit which springs from a knowledge of the truth taught in the Bible. Your expectations will then be less ardent, and being more wisely based, will be more certain of fulfilment.

I delight to indulge my fancy with the pictures of hope, as I always have; but I will remember and endeavor to follow your advice, Aunt." was the lightsome yet meditative response of the youngest of the two individuals to whom we have thus introduced the reader.

It was on a clear and delightful morning in spring when they met engaged in this contemplation of the probabilities of earthly bliss. A beautiful little cottage in the environs of London, with the honey suckle creeping around the pillars and over the trellis, and the sweet singing of the glancing warblers of the grove, combined to form a picture of quiet and contentment, which to the eye of a lover, or the passer-by, as it was benign in its influence on the occupants of the enchanting spot. In the second room of this little cot might have been seen a lady of matronly demeanor and age, whose expression and pensive features betokened an intelligent and cultivated mind, which had been linked to a saddened spirit. Near her sat as fair and sweet a girl, who had just reached the age of womanhood, on even with the admiration and esteem of a pure mind and unscrupulous heart. Her large blue eyes possessed a softer charm than that which beamed flashed intelligence and inward fire that kindled spontaneous emotions in the heart—dull orbed were they not, and if the former betokened an intelligent spirit that sent its messages through them was associated with interest of affection. Delicately beautiful as were her features, moulded with the choicest symmetry, and suffused with the fairest and gentlest flush of an unsuspecting and pure heart, was the outward utterance of the refined and elevated spirit which claimed them as its external interpreters.

She was an orphan. Her father, a prime minister of the Deuxentes, had been called to his reward when she was in her twelfth year; and her mother had not long survived the loss of her partner. Ellen was thus left to the care of her father's sister, Mrs. Burton, to whom lonely and maternal tenderness, judgment and dignified conversation, and devoted piety, she was much indebted for the cultivation of mind and spirit which made her one of the loveliest of her sex.

Ellen had mingled little with the world. The retired position of her home, as well as the predominant pursuits of Mr. Burton, scarcely allowed her the opportunity of an extensive acquaintance with gay society, and precluded her from frequent intercourse with the votaries of fashion. She was enough, however, to afford a strong contrast on the instructions she received, and enough to give her more refined and elevated taste a dislike for the vanities and follies of the world as mirrored in the society and characters of those with whom she occasionally associated.

Among the friends whose intimacy she prized, no one was more welcome than a young man of fine capacity, and unimpeachable character, whose taste was so congenial, and whose reading was so varied and instructive in its character, that time when passed with him, seemed to hasten its speedy wing, and leave an earnest desire that the hours might have been prolonged. He came occasionally to see her, but soon found such free employment in her society that he became more frequently a recipient of the hospitality and graceful attentions of Ellen and her aunt, as well as an enlivening and enlivened party in exercise with Mr. Burton.

Stanley Hamilton was already in an establishment doing a fair business in one of the most public thoroughfares of London. He was of a reputable but retired family, and though he had not been blessed with more than an ordinary course of instruction in the English branches, yet by his studious habits and wakeful industry he had acquired a large fund of information, stored his well-balanced mind with sound and lofty principles, and treasured up facts and illustrations upon which he could draw with judicious skill, and which made his society instructive and attractive.

Before he had been many months a visitor at the house of Mr. Burton he found that if he had anticipated spending the evening in Ellen's company and was accidentally disappointed—the hours dragged heavily on his spirit, and he felt as though his heart was unoccupied, as though an important item, to his means of happiness or enjoyment had been lost. He felt that the society of Ellen was a substantial good—a source of delight and exalted gratification. She was lovely as the fairest conception could depict in the freshest creation: she was lovely on the unsullied light that came shimmering from the unruffled surface of the crystal rivulet, her form moulded in the model of symmetry and beauty, but above all, the wealth of a cultivated and well stored mind, united with the treasures of a pure and unaffected spirit, endowed her heart in a temple and her heart an altar at which he might easily offer up the first incense of holy esteem. The transition from this state of feeling to that of ardent attachment and devoted affection is sure, and the consciousness of it is as suddenly brought home to the cognizance of the soul as the flashing of a ray of light. So was it with Stanley: he knew not that he loved until one of those trifling incidents occurred which led him to realize the depth of the interest he felt in Ellen, and sent home the conviction to his mind that his heart and his being had become bound up in hers. She had not been blindly won by the impulsiveness of passion—no dazzling external attractive centre had instantaneously arrested his attention—no aspiring to win the approving but unsolicited smile of man's mental worship had led to the belle—but that inward and spiritual blending together of harmonizing and exquisite sympathies and sensibilities which man's moral sensitiveness to the belle—but that inward and spiritual blending together of harmonizing and exquisite sympathies and sensibilities which man's moral sensitiveness to the two self-observing souls—a gradual melting of each other into the mysteries of that inner temple of one being where gratitude are watched only through the sacred and rare-jewelled pattern of a kindred and purified decreeness.

Nor was his love unreturned. Ellen found the same gradual development of no inner being, then not revealing itself to her acquaintance, became intimate and more an identification of her spirit with thoughts and things till seemed to play around here and hover about her, as the genial warmth of the sense of the distinct and actual presence of that most beautiful and soul-enkindling grace she felt a thrilling to her heart—and that there was a stranger. To them both, as it is to all who truly feel the power of love, there is something in the first reaching of a tale of delightful and entrancing emotions, and the ardent and trustful spirit leaps in the ecstatic realization of its first soul-filling draught of captivating bliss.

We will not stop to recount the experience of these two in the period subsequent to the declaration which was not long afterward made, of unwavering devotion and undying love.

"But you are yet not more than a clerk, and your salary is insufficient to supply the wants of a family," said Ellen's aunt, dear Stanley, that you could get an advance of salary from your employers, it would be a source of gratification to me; and I entertain themselves become greater by their being unexpected.

Perhaps you circumstances were not like my case?

They were not very dissimilar. Some day I may exchange with a bishop, and make use of my experiences. At present, learn seriously to view your prospects of future happiness not in the deceptive light of an unsuspecting and fond nurse, but with that truth-teaching and heart-weighing spirit which springs from a knowledge of the truth taught in the Bible. Your expectations will then be less ardent, and being more wisely based, will be more certain of fulfilment."

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well enough to confide in her prudence and judgment to said nothing, but patiently waited until she herself recurred to the matter.

Ellen, on the death of her father, had become heiress to about £4000, which was safely invested on interest which yielded a small return. She carefully preserved this legacy, and now what more appropriate or valuable use could she make of it, than to entrust it to her betrothed? Intelligent, active, devoted, with acknowledged business ability she needed part of this for the promotion of their mutual happiness; and if he did love it, who more worthy of the gift? It was a case which required little discussion in her own mind—the thought was concerned only to become a faithfully executed request—would not Stanley appreciate it? What could a less enthusiastic and more experienced party decide? She immediately made the proposition to her uncle, telling him she knew Stanley thoroughly—as to Stanley's business character before he concluded to act. He expressed his own willingness to the step, and his examination of her letter—so that the last all obstacles were removed.

Mr. Burton made all the necessary inquiries preliminary to her important a step, and they resulted only in confirming the high opinion the whole family had formed of Stanley's character, and in establishing him more firmly in their friendship. The funds were withdrawn from their investment to the amount necessary, and Stanley found himself invested to the confidence and affection of his loved one, for the means of advancement and independent effort.

A few days as we to perfect all the arrangements necessary for business; and over the door and window of a neat and well-filled shop, appeared the name of "Stanley Hamilton, Draper." His locations was good—and the name shop having been used for a similar purpose previously, was not unknown to a fair run of customers: and being in a well-frequented thoroughfare his prospects as to sales were decidedly encouraging. Many were the hours, however, in which Stanley sat without making any profitable sales—and during those seasons he oscillated between hope and fear. He would be often painfully excited with anxiety as to the result of his experiment, and the return or loss of Ellen's precious love. While he was thus engaged, often would she sit at the door of her quiet home, while her mind wandered to the object of her best love, and revived with deep interest the sacred memorials of the past—the vows—the fears—the hopes—the present—and the future. It was done, but without resisting the advantages expected—and in fact, it proved ultimately, a benefit to them both. The anxiety state occasioned by suspense—passed from by all the attractions and affluence of earthly things—to place them upon those everlasting principles found in the gospel.

Ellen became more solute than she had ever been—and Stanley more devoted and tender eye and gentle tones, bespoke the workings of some inner life too sacred for the world. Stanley was engaged—Ellen was the name up by a sustaining hope that all would yet be well: and though circumstances were so unpropitious during the first year of their betrothment.

A little less than two years had passed after Stanley's departure from his native land, when Mr. Burton received a letter bearing the post-mark of Paris. It was from a gentleman of the name of Stanley, who was once to be thrown upon his own resources. Ellen could not but read with deep interest on this unfortunate result. Stanley was pained and mortified at the event, and suffered his disappointment to overcome his better self—at last he resolved to bid him to share the company of his much loved friend. Ellen encouraged reconciliation—she pitied him by all the attractions of love and devotion, and her own undiminished esteem and approbation of Stanley—pointed him to the duplicity of their with her seeming smiles—and whispered her tenderest accents of devotion in his ear. But Stanley's heart could not be more deeply affected by the disappointment when absent from his angelic companion—and to be more perplexed as to his future career.

He soon found a situation as an accountant, with a small salary, which afforded him a means to maintain a reputable appearance, but with disappointed hope and a burdened spirit. And here were the slightest hint to fill across the small page of Ellen's anticipations. Stanley's calls became less frequent—and within a year he had ceased to be a visitor at Ellen's delightful abode. He had not actually ceased to love and admire her whom he had chosen from all the capital of a fair heart, but along with the fall gradings of unspotted love—but the depression and mortification of his spirit cast a dark shade over the genial glow of his affections, and he could not be glad where no oasis seemed to cheer his eye and no golden rimmed clouds skirted the horizon, not to say the zenith of the future.

Ellen still was constant. She could sympathize with him in then as in every other state of his feelings—for no well had she been acquainted with his character and his heart, that she had no doubt of the cause of his absence: and she gave him honor for the sensibility which while she had faith that he was industrious, and a few years afterward. Ellen returned with three lovely children, to make known to her and Burton, the fulfilment of her hopes. Many were the reminiscences at Ellen and her husband's meeting with the old friends and with whom Ellen recalled to the mind of her faithful guardian, the conversation with which we opened our narrative.

The ardent and faithful bride was fast left her native land, was now a not less dutiful wife and mother, and soon after entered her path across the deep, to find a final resting-place in her island-home. Soon after her return, she fell a victim to the cholera which was raging with fearful severity in search of good works, a holy example, and a hallowed name.

Biographical.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

This distinguished statesman, whose name appears in print about a quarter of a century in the affairs of State connected with the Austrian Empire, was born at Coblentz, on the Rhine, on the 15th of May, 1773.

He descended from an ancient Rhenish family, which has been long very distinguished.

After completing his studies at Strasbourg and Mainz, (Mayence) on the Rhine he visited England, and there Vienna, which latter place he made his residence. In 1795 he was sent Minister to the Hague, in which year he married the Countess Eleonora Von Kaunitz. Shortly afterwards he returned upon his diplomatic career as Austrian Minister to Westphalia, at the Congress of Rastadt. In 1801 he was appointed Minister to Dresden; in 1803 at Berlin, where, by his influence and wisdom the treaty of Potsdam of the 3d of November, 1805 was concluded, by which Austria, Russia, and Prussia bound themselves to unite in arms against Napoleon's gigantic plans. In 1806 Count Metternich was Ambassador to France, where he remained until the memorable year of 1809, when, having been refused passports at Paris, Bonaparte's army then marching in Austria, he succeeded notwithstanding, in reaching the encampment of the Emperor Francis at Komorn, a short time before the battle of Wagram. He was then made Minister of State; and, on the 8th of October, same year, he was raised to the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which capacity he negotiated the treaty with the French Minister Champagny, for the peace Tapitzen Altenburg. In 1810 he accompanied Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, as Empress of France to Paris.

Owing to Metternich's indefatigable efforts at Dresden, in 1813, the threatened outbreak in the North was prevented, by which Napoleon's plans were completely frustrated. With the assent of Russia, Prussia, and France, Minister Metternich transmitted the business of the mediation to Prague. On the 10th of August, 1813 before the negotiations for peace had commenced. Napoleon's troops were in motion, when Metternich drew up, on the night of the 10th of August, the celebrated declaration of war between Austria and France; and on the following morning the Russian and Prussian armies had crossed the Bohemian borders. On the 9th of September, 1813, he signed the quadruple alliance at Teplitz, which was drawn up by himself.

In order to prevent Metternich for his numerous and invaluable services, not only to the Austrian States, but to Europe generally, the Emperor Francis bestowed on him, on the evening of the battle of Leipsic, the title of Austrian Prince for himself and his descendants.

About this period Frankfort, Frisberg, Basil, Langres, Chatillon, Dijon, and Paris, witnessed the diplomatic activity and success of Prince Metternich. In the last mentioned city he signed the negotiated treaty of Fontainbleau with Napoleon. At this time the University of Oxford bestowed on him the title of Doctor. He was honored, in 1814, at the Congress of Vienna, by the united assent of the assembled Monarchs with the Presidency. He negotiated with Wellington and Talleyrand, at Presburg the peace of Saxony and Prussia. On the 20th of November, 1815, as Austrian Minister, he negotiated the second peace of Paris; and, in 1816, at Milan, the treaty with Bavaria, which was signed at Munich on the 14th of April. After which he accompanied the Austrian Princess Leopoldine, betrothed to the crown Prince of Portugal, to Leipsic.

In 1817 he concluded a treaty with the Roman See. He was equally distinguished at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1811, at Carlsbad in 1819, also at Trappaue, Laubach, and Verona. In 1821 he was appointed over the Royal Chancellor of House, Court and State; and, on the death of Count Zichy, to that of Minister of State Conference; and, in 1826, he received the Presidency of the Ministerial Conference Or Home State Affairs.

Prince Metternich is Knight of the Golden Fleece and of all the first orders of chivalry in Europe, except the English Garter. The King of Spain presented him with the Grandcross of the first class with the medal title; the King of the Two Sicilies with that of the Duke of Portella. He alone possesses the Grand Cross established in 1815—'14 as a reward for civil services. The Emperor Francis, in acknowledgment of his eminently benefit, has given to his country, granted him the dignified privilege of emblazoning the Austrian arms on the middle of his own.

Prince Metternich, although seventy two years of age has lost birth-day, appears much younger than he is. He is equally distinguished at the Congress of his person, affable, dignified, and courteous in his manners, temperate in all his habits. His attendance to business is unremitting. His first was died in 1825: ten years after he lost his second, the Countess Beilstein: and in 1831 he married, for the third time, Countess Melanie Zichy Ferraris. In the present wife, one of the most beautiful and charming of Hungarian nobility. Two daughters by his last one, one whom is married to a Hungarian nobleman, one son, by his second, and one daughter born by his present. Princess, grace his family circle.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

A MATTER-OF-FACT CHAPTER.

Frankfort, July 7, 1845.

I think I shall neglect telling you how we left Heidelberg, and walked along the Bergstrasse again, to catch from the summit of the old Melibocus hill and through the quiet city of Darmstadt: how we watched the blue summits of the Taunus rising in the distance, and the Rhine and Main, and then on the sea, and finally, how we reached at last the old watch-tower and looked down on the valley of the Main—lived in the blouse and the palace of summer, with the houses and squires of Frankfort in the middle of the well-known panorama. All I will say is, by, and-by, we once more again found ourselves in our old rooms, looking down on the market-place, with the same old women before their vegetables, and scream and scold as much as ever when a cart passes over one of their cabbages. I will give you some information relative to the facilities and expenses of travelling in Germany, drawn from my own experience, and which may be of advantage to some one who wishes to make the same tour. I know there are many whose under means deny them the benefits of travel which they desire, because they suppose a voyage to Europe must necessarily be accompanied with great expense. Such persons I think will be glad to find that it is only necessary which are costly, and that to travel respectably and comfortably is in almost every one's power.

We chose to go on the pedestrian style, from choice as well as necessity, and a walk of eleven miles was the least task we had undertaken, and caused us, that it is not only by far the best way to become acquainted with the people and scenery of a country, but the cheapest and most healthful. To be sure, the knapsack was at first rather heavy, and our feet were often sore and our limbs weary, but a few days walking made us strong as giants, after we had been travelling two weeks, this disappeared entirely. Every morning we rose as fresh and strong, as if it had been the first day, and after a walk of thirty miles all but little fatigue. We always found excellent accommodations in the little inns we saw from the road, and the charges were always light and jogous. We made it a rule to pay no regard to the weather, unless it was so bad as to render it unhealthy to travel. Often in the day, we would rest for half an hour on the grassy bank, or some clump of it was warm weather, would lay at full length in the shade with our knapsacks under our heads. And this in a pleasure such a few days walking made us perfectly enjoyable.

We always accepted a companion, of whatever kind, while walking—from chimney sweeps to lawyers. In a strange country one can learn something from every peasant, and we neglected no opportunity not only to obtain information but impart it. We found everywhere the greatest curiosity respecting America, and we were always glad to tell them all about it they wished to know. We were almost always taken for Germans from some other part of the country where the dialect was a little different and it was extremely laughable when we set them to guessing what nation we belonged to. They guessed generally Russians, Poles or Danes, and sometimes Swiss, but never a the least thought of America. When we told family, then was always an exclamation of surprise, and then followed the most singular questions. "Why you are not black! the Americans are all black people. They all have negroes who are enslaved and ill-treated. Is it astonishing how many Americans are travelling in Europe this summer. We hear of them everywhere, and I believe there are more daily here daily on their way to and from Switzerland Mr. King, our Minister to Paris, will visit Frankfort in the course of this month, and I have heard that Bryant, who is now in Europe, will spend some time at Heidelberg. Dickens proved through Heidelberg while we were there, on his way home from Italy, but we did not see him. My friend Mr. Lindsay, and he saw him in E. Read, Esq., of Philadelphia, there, a short time ago. I hope this travel of so many Americans will have a tendency to do away somewhat the narrow European ideas of the arts, and on the other hand, to learn the people of Europe to know us, as a nation, even without the additional aid of Apalachia.

Now, having brought this chapter of facts and opinions and advice to an end, I shall take leave for those of our fellow readers, unless unutterably worthy of notice should occur. We are going to remain here till the first of August, when we set out again on a journey through Switzerland to Italy, the Meava of our pilgrimage. It would be only very tedious to you, therefore, to go further with the journey, and the tormented him with questions in hopes of discovering this; but he answered him as usual, and at length patiently consenting to be excused, he let her good morning in the blandest of tones.

Mrs Taylor felt quite happy when he departed, who can doubt it? She had been making herself exceedingly disagreeable, and all to no purpose. Fanny had not seen, or thought she, at length. "I'll try it again."

Fanny, did you send John for my coal yesterday" asked Mr. Taylor, one Sunday morning.

What coal?" replied she, by way of gaining time.

"The new one at the tailor's. You know I told you—"

I do wish, James, you would not be forever telling me," she interrupted, "but give your orders yourself; they tormented me to death."

Well, it is not a matter of the least consequence," replied the patient husband, "if you will let me walk to church with you as this cold one, I don't care.

Mr. Taylor was extravagantly fond of plants, and had a magnificent conservatory in front, it was a rare species, and this was the first flowering. Fanny had been considering the plan for some time, and one day a valuable exotic, apparently perishing, when they were on the piazza together.

Let me entreat you to send John for my coal, I completely exhausting the flowers in a short descent.

"Victory," thought she as she hoisted her daughter in the carriage, "I have gained my point," but his good-for-nothing wife in was tenderly pitying up and feeling no anxious about.

"Why, my dear, you look a little ailer ad," thought she, "but I don't know, he is very kind, and would probably have been just as concerned it the occasion had happened to any one else.

"I'll go home," sobbed Mrs. James Taylor that evening. "I'll see how this horrid man can live without me."

"How long do you intend to remain?" asked her husband, very coolly, when informed of her determination.

"Oh! six months," she replied. "I am tired to death of home, and if we will be so rich to see Willson and Frank and all of them. My cousin Archie is there, too, and we will have famous rides and drives."

I hope you will enjoy yourself," remarked her husband quietly. Fanny relinquished her teasing expressions gradually before the departure—remained from overwhelming him with questions, and remarks were not heard for a week or more, and played sad when he was instituted to be merry. She would no longer throw down his new hat (for which he had a particular affection,) a dozen times a day, and protested that it was entirely accidental, and invite disagreeable company when he was least in the mood to enjoy it. It required all her resolution to leave her husband, she felt wretched and unhappy at the very idea, and would wish several times a day that she had remained with him, and wonder whether he would ever feel sad, or remember he was miserable without some one else and gone.

Her very heart was in leaving the morning she left, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could command sufficient fortitude to say, not sadly, as expected it, for she was gay to an excess.

I leave you with the comfortable conviction that you will not be sad, and not sadly, as her husband assisted her into the carriage.

He smiled, and "Good-bye," and the horse started. Mrs. James Taylor was indeed sure he would be sad, had known that Fanny had read all the way home, and her pretty face was as serious and deliberated as that of the coachman and Archie had in them till the following morning.

It might have been very natural," thought she, "he never even asked me if I would!"

And write she did not for a fortnight, till at length Fanny became alarmed at the silence, and a most upsatic abounding in questions and directions, orders and countermanders, with a tactic hope at the end. She would imagine a dozen times in a day how he was getting on, and how much more when he returned—his wife was such a serious loss her natural beauty would be more easily well fixed than that seeming. No ragtime as cousins on either side that he happed he was not at all sad, and that he enjoyed her visit" "yes, more than tongue could tell!

And don't believe he is well," thought Fanny as she glanced at him afterwards, "how pale and thin he has grown, and he looks more melancholy than ever. I wish I was at home again." and she was summoned Fanny to herself. It was surprising how much she thought of her husband, and how much sooner she felt than before that they husband remained. She had not been particularly cold to him before, but now there really was no end to the pains and acquaintance they got up together, she gained at the gay, and he was left to himself, to meditate with all the zest in the world.

I don't think James looks exhale well as happy," Fanny, one day to her mother one day.

I don't see it myself mother and the full quiet and sad look about him, and nothing either but husband who was at the foot of the garden walk, she was her mother's remark, without the slightest expression. He looked for a moment at her and then smiled once then replied quietly that "he was perfectly well."

Fanny was uncertain again, and

You must go and take my walk with me, James, down by the river, she said, one morning after breakfast we were married. "Archie and I wanted to have a walk this morning, and you must positively go with us."

Now see Mrs James Taylor has seen more charms in him on this eventful afternoon. She believed there is no coming it more like a wife's becoming child than a decorous married lady; but still she was very cool. Her husband resisted laboriously unceasingly to the magic influence of her smiles.

"Take care! Don't go there, Fanny," he exclaimed as she stepped over the bank of the river.

"Ah, but I must have them."

She stooped, and, with her small white hands, gathered up the wild flowers that grew in such profusion on the banks of the river, and fastened nosegay over her clasping her hands, pressing her mouth to his heart and with many tokens of affection. She then ordered her to look up and speak to him again; but she could not. She felt deadly faint and collapsed into a sort of half sleep, and heard his agonized cries, his vain appeals for help, with enough but she made no and heaven to hear his wild, despairing appeals, and that with that deadly sickness between her, Fanny had a delicious sensation at her heart. He loved her, there was no doubt about it; now, loved her passionately, and, even at she had died in that cold river, she would not have exchanged her life that moment's bliss.

"But my dear Fanny, how could you think I did not love you?" exclaimed Mr. James Taylor, no longer cold, dull and silent, but as enthusiastic and candid as his wife could desire.

"How could I think otherwise!" replied Fanny, smiling fondly, for she was in very good. "You never told me that you did."

"I told you I exclaimed Mr. Taylor, and the tone was astonished. "It shall entirely be the burden of my song for the rest of my life," he continued, "and you must be content to hear it for your abominable suspicions."

"I certainly shall be, James Taylor," replied his wife.—*Columbian Magazine for February.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulty have existed, in relation to the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think we can give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

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Sir—I have received from *John Hadley*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Post," for which I have declined our post note and charged myself with the amount, and he is my accountable agent with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, or his accountable agent.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgement similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

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(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of their Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscriptions, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy. *Published under the direction of the Philadelphia Society for the Alleviation of the Miseries of Public Prisons.* Philadelphia: *Vol. I. No. 1 January, 1846. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.* This journal was established by the Society of the Pennsylvania prison system against the aspersions cast upon it by the late message of Governor Shunk, with respect to the improvements of which that system was capable. The editor of this quarterly, whoever he may be, is a model editor. He does not tell us who he is, which we presume to be from his pen, we recognize a disciplined mind and an eminent man of letters. We consider none inferior to contain no original articles, viz. —"Notice of the Life and Services of the late Dr. Wistar," "Communications between Prisoners," "Changes of the Pennsylvania System," "Public Sentiment," "Moral and Literary Influence," "Our Prison System, with plan," "The Lowest Poor of Philadelphia," "Progress of the Separate System," "Reform," "Prisons and Prison Discipline in the U. S., by Mon. H. B. Hia," "Boston City Prison," "Philadelphia Society for Prisoners' assist., in which a noble testimony is borne to the late Elijah Fox."

We are particularly struck with the care with which the various articles in this quarterly are selected and prepared. It is not much the practice with writers now-a-days, to follow the example of the speaker whom Shakespeare introduces as saying, "I will speak daggers to his face." In other words, too much is taken for granted by our public speakers and writers. Not so the author in this journal bear the stamp of a thorough mastery of his subject, and of the means of its use. He does not seem to find any faith with the editor, it would be, that in his effort to be explicit and exact, he would be subject to prolixity. A matter may spoil a picture by too minute an elaboration of details. On the whole, however, the general is what has long been wanted—an able champion of the Pennsylvania system.

The Theatrical Apprenticeship and Amateur Recollections, or Solomon Smith, Esq., Comedian, Lexington, Kentucky. *Wood Engravings by Darley and Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1845.—The renowned Solomon Smith, Esq., whose name is known to him in his theatrical capacity ever most of this continent, and whose capacities as a actor much in his heroics are known probably to every reader of newspapers in the West and South, has at last treated author —and, in the course before us, literally all the leisure of his life, interspersed with anecdotes, and accompanied by numerous drawings, "with the pencil of Darley," though as much as we do, we endanger the safety of his subject. The possession of literary powers like Smith's and we cast say, it any one has the melancholy, let him buy this book. The illustrations by Darley—the engravings on wood by Orr—are not the least interesting part of the volume.

Miscellaneous Writings by the Rev. Sydney Smith. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. In his early life the Rev. Sydney Smith was as popular as Lamb, in the majority of readers, as he is now generally known as literature as a wit and essayist. The volume of his sermons before us, is the first ever given by him as a preacher was omitted. For force of style and fulness of illustration we recommend this volume to all readers.

The Chart of the Heart. *A Fancy Tale of Home. By Richard Penn Smith. Illustrated by Harpe & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—This is the new story of the Rev. Richard Penn Smith, of the last steamer, and intended for the third of the series, of which "The Kentucky Cousin" and the "Chimes" were the first two. Every body will be anxious to obtain a copy of this book.

Reflections on Prices and War. *By John Jacob.* 1 vol. 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Chapman, 124 N. Fourth Street.* 1846. The author of this book has been in a member of the society of Friends, and in these pages advocates the cause of peace with considerable force. Mr. Jackson has evidently thought much on his subject, and is a conscientious and earnest writer.

Foreign Varieties.

☞ The British Queen has ordered that hereafter no fees be taken for showing the State apartments at Windsor Castle, and at all the royal palaces. Visitors may obtain tickets of admission gratis, on three days of the week. We are glad to find that the Queen has determined on making a proper sense of the low practice prevailing through out England, of exacting fees from visitors in all public buildings. Some of our readers, on the Continental Europe, all sights belonging to the government being accessible gratis.

☞ There was a dreadful storm on the English coast, December 31st and 2d, which caused numerous disasters to the shipping and the loss of many lives. The gales raged on the 31st of the year, and 1st, in the course of a few days, and more than 100 lives. Among the vessels are two steamers, the St. David and Tom Bowling, between Hull and the Esel Indiaman, the Tom Cornelisheen, with a cargo worth $100,000—a total loss.

☞ The Congregational Union of London Peace Society have memorialized Sir R. Peel in favor of settling the Oregon question by pacific rather than by other means, whatever pretensions the British Government may assume to adopt a war-like tone and policy. They earnestly deprecate war between the two nations, and urge the propriety of settling the dispute by arbitration.

☞ Col. John Garwood, editor of the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, committed suicide on the 27th ult., at Brighton.

☞ Dickens commences his career as editor of the Daily News, the day preceding the meeting of Parliament.

☞ On the night of the 6th of December, the Foreign Government Steamer Vesta was lost on the Atlantic coast, near Magadore, and half of her crew, 70 perished; among them were M. Henry Mengo, the Consul at Magadore, M. Fleurier de Langle, commander of the vessel. The Arabs displayed upon this occasion as much courage as humanity. It was their two lives they succeeded in bringing off 44 persons, carrying them upon their shoulders, and swimming with them through a very heavy sea.

☞ The St. Petersburg Gazette, of the 7th of December, contains an Imperial order, permitting the importation of wheat, rye, barley, oats, flour, beans, peas and other similar products from Prussia, free of duty up to the 12th of September, 1846; and also an order declaring that in consequence of the deficiency in the crops, the Emperor will only require for the coming year a levy of five men in 100 thousand.

☞ A new expedition has recently sailed from Liverpool, for the interior of Western Africa, under the control of Mr. C. W. Daniell, a surgeon of some experience, in order to explore further the discoveries of Mr. M'Gregor Laird and others, and from which it is expected, that some very important commercial, as well as political, information and advantages will be obtained.

☞ Professor Encke, of Berlin, has given notice on the 13th of December last, that he found a star of the 9th magnitude in a place where before there was no star. Professor Encke has made a series of observations upon it. It is near Vesta, and very likely is a planet. It was not exactly determined whether it was a planet or a comet.

☞ An Anti-Corn Law meeting was recently held at Manchester, on the subject of which to raise a fund of $1,250,000 as a new fund. Within three or four hours the large sum of $900,000 was raised.

☞ Lord Metcalfe's health is said to have greatly improved since his return to London, and his race, it is thought, may be looked for.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TWENTY DAYS LATER.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on Friday, after a passage of twenty days. She brings news to the 4th inst., her intelligence is quite unexpected —it appears as if the Queen's speech, the Peel policy, and of the *comparatively friendly* tone with which the President's Message was received in England. These two days have produced a wonderful alteration of a strong disposition to preserve the present peaceful relations between Great Britain and this country. As both these subjects are of unusual interest, we shall copy liberally what the London papers say of them.

The Hibernia arrived off Boston on Sunday morning, but was unable to get into port before Tuesday morning, there suffering a detention of forty-eight hours, during which time the thermometer indicated a temperature of 10 degrees below zero.

The President's Message was received in Liverpool by the ship Sea, Captain Freeman, on the 12th, in seventeen days. From New York, and was conveyed to London in six hours from its arrival at the Mersey. It was conveyed by express to France and Germany.

Parliament was transmitted to meet *for the dispatch of business* on the 22d of January, (Thursday.)

Cotton was a shade better than at the date of our last advices. Flour about the same, though prices unsettled.

The Oregon correspondence had but just reached England when the steamship left. Of course it had not been considered before the people, and the papers comment upon it with much more bitterness than they have hitherto done. The tone, in substance, the tone is the tone of the Message, but the spirit is more especially characterizes it as a manifestation of dishonest ability. The Times makes its statement of the case, and recognizes the possibility between the Spanish title and the American title by discovery.

The PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

in relation to the document, Willmer & Smith's Times says —"The last Message of President Polk, to Congress, is one which we can not readily pass, caused a greater amount of attention in England than any similar document from the head of the American Union has done for years. Much of the feeling was directed to the Message long before it arrived, from the existence of the Oregon question, and scope for conjecture in the press, and even during the existing time of the Ministerial crisis, considerable interest was felt as to what effect the relations with the United States, stepped aside to discuss the question, even in the absence of the Queen's views.

We have given elsewhere, the spirit of the English press on this important document. Our tones are subdued, and we are disposed to look at the quotation in the remarks of the great organs of opinion as to the manner to be read by Peel; and this reluctance to avoid giving offence, arises altogether from the praiseworthy desire to heal, rather than to foment differences, which at the present moment we and the United States respecting the Oregon. Some of the articles we have given are able and comprehensive views of the question of peace, we argued, of course, with an allowable amount of national feeling and prejudice, but presenting, on the whole, a just and generous standard of fairness to both.

Of the cause, perhaps, why the Message has agreeably disappointed expectation here, is the well-timed observations in which it indulges respecting a liberal tariff. If the Message is the basis, the proposed reduction of the tariff is the antidote in the new President's measure to Congress. The style of the document has elicited praise and although Mr. Polk has been assailed by European publicists as a *wordy* framer, he has given proof, in this much-contested document, of the possession of literary powers that command respect, if they do not always force conviction.

Since the Message came to hand, another serious has brought us the correspondence laid before Congress between the British and American Ministers on the subject of the Oregon. The mysterious of such documents is, that they are too voluminous for the general reader, and yet every body is satisfied that he is the man to do *nobody knows what*.

The Oregon correspondence is a document but slightly altered. Changes there have been, but they are few, and, with one exception, unimportant. Mr. Wharncliffe, the President of the Board of Trade, who died from excitement produced by the resignation of his colleagues, is to be succeeded by the Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Ellenborough is to be the First Lord at the Admiralty.

The Earl of Haddington is to have the office of Privy Seal, which the Duke of Buccleuch fills. But the most striking change of the whole is the appointment of Lord Lyndhurst to the Cabinet, and the appointment of Mr. W. E. Gladstone as his successor.

The following are the new members of the Cabinet:

First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel.
Secretary for the Home Department Sir H. G. Graham.
Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst.
Lord President of the Council, Duke of Buccleuch
Commander-in-Chief, Duke of Wellington.
Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Earl of Aberdeen.
Secretary of State, Lord Stanley.
President of the Board of Control, Earl of Ripon.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon. H. Goulburn.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Ellenborough.
Commissioner of Land Revenues, Earl Lincoln.
Secretary of War, Right Hon. S. Herbert.
President of the Board of Trade, Earl Dalhousie.
First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl of Ellsgborough.
Postmaster General, Earl of Seymour.
Secretary for the Colonies, Hon. W. Gladstone.

Willmer & Smith's Times continues —"We need hardly trouble our readers with the thousand and one rumors which are circulated respecting the Ministerial policy of the Premier. Some assert that the re-construction of his Cabinet involved a compromise of their colleagues; that instead of a total repeal of the Corn laws, which the Whigs showed their anxiety to obtain, there was to be a progressive duty of twelve shillings, or six shillings per quarter for the present year, and

From the Magazines.

THE GOOD ANGEL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Young beauty smiled a welcome
Within a fairy bark yesterday;
Its prow was painted Hesperus,
With green coast-views and shining
And light and gay its sunless smiled,
The while she waves a garland glowing!
And at the helm a laughing child—
Twas pleasure—wrestled the waters flowing.

She steered the boat by a looming isle,
Whose tangled pines bowed softly o'er it,
And in the bay, with mock-serious smiles,
Mid green flower-cups—she swore to avoid it.

Yet beauty's cheek grew red and pale;
And beauty's heart was timid at leisure;
She whispered love to "set the sail,"
And pressed back the helm from pleasure.

Then Anshel around that graceful prow
The rising waves, in playful motion,
And beauty beat her glorious brow,
While music fell on each toiling flower!

Suddenly wild and pissed, above
Her laughs back, the storm cloud lightened,
With such a void there, the lover
Let go the sail—silenced and frightened!

The maiden rose, and by her side
A radiant angel stood solemnly!
"Take thou the helm"—the prouder
And grasp the dark oven and queenly.

Then changed to gold those clouds so wild;
A beauteous rainbow bronzed in heaven;
And love, the fond, impetuous child,
Smiled thro' his tears—his fault forgiven!

Columbian Mag. for Feb.

Story with a Moral.

THE SCHOOLMATES.

BY MRS. M. E DOUBLEDAY.

On a bright and glorious summer day, when the air was filled with music, and the breeze loaded with the fragrance of fresh flowers, a party of young men lingered on the margin of a broad stream, whose pure waters reflected the bright hues of the sky above, and the waving foliage of the trees and shrubs with which its banks were fringed. They had just entered upon the active pursuits of life. The doors of the world were before them, and the warring feelings of the brave and the generous, the ardent and the noble, were burning in his breast.

"Children of men!" said the spirit, "I have list. ened to your words: shall I teach you how to secure the possession of your wishes? Choose, then—riches or fame, pleasure or learning, or power, or aught that men most desire, and if ye accept the conditions I propose, I will assure you the attainment." "And what are thy conditions?" said one.

"Then shall choose one object, and the possession of that object shall be the great purpose of thy life. Upon it thou shalt concentrate thy energies and affections, and there shall suffer nought to divert thee from its pursuit," was the reply. "And cast then in these gifts add happiness?" said one of a quiet and thoughtful mien. "Will not the attainment of our desires secure our happiness?" exclaimed an eager youth, as he sprang from the turf. "Canst then ensure me my first wish? I have dreamed of fame while I slept, I have longed for it in my waking hours. Give me fame—give me a proud and lofty name—let me be known, while I live, and my memory descend to future ages. I would not mingle with the common herd—living unknown, dying to be forgotten! I ask for fame. For this alone would I live, and for this I am willing to die."

"And what is fame but breath?" said another. "I will it that or riches the living! will the applause lavished on the dead weaken the silence of the grave, or fan to life the slumbering ashes? Give me wealth. All my wishes will gold, and for me look on broad fields and call them mine. Give me riches, and I will find happiness." "As for me," said the third, "I will devote my youth to pleasure. None my way with flowers. Sleep and ragged is the path that leads to fame and for what are riches but to afford the means of gratification? Give me the smiles of beauty and the pleasures of love. I will mingle in the dance, and listen to the song, and where I may find gaiety and mirth, there will I bend my steps. Old age is dark and unlovely and mental care brings only wrinkles. I will not anticipate the future—let the present be bright and joyous." And what dost thou ask?" said the Genius to the last of the youths. "Of thee I ask nothing. The gifts thou dost proffer I do not desire—all these cannot give me what I seek. I would find my happiness in the path of duty—I would exist for without repining, and enjoy with not presumption; and it shall be the aim of my life to fulfil the will of the great Creator, and promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures." "Ye have chosen," said the spirit "Life is before you. Enter upon its conflict, and when in the full possession of your wishes, again will I re-visit each one of you—but, know! that then the hour of doom is nigh."

A man bowed more with care than age, upon whose brow was drawn many a furrow, was seated in a dark and gloomy room. The golden beams of the sun vainly strove to enter through the dusky colorcloud windows. No sweet sound or joyous hum fell upon the ear—no gleam of loveliness or beauty reclosed the eye, or brought gladness to the heart. Parchments and papers were around him, and the heavily-bound iron chest stood beside him. The thick walls and heavy bolts and bars showed how well he watched and how well secured his treasure, while his trembling hand and glaring eye told how timid he enjoyed his treasure. A visitor stood, as of the evening breeze, fell upon the ear—he started and shuddered, for the spirit was again before him.

"Thy coffers are full," said the Genius, glancing around, "thy lands are broad. I have kept my promise, wealth, riches are thine—and then now are I come me?" "Welcome thee!" retorted the wretched man. "Hast thou come to triumph in my misery? Dost thou not deem me a proud fool to labor, an age of care? If I have wealth, I have gained it by a drunken sleep—by the blind hope my it would be returned. For if I have denied myself the enjoyments of this life, and bartered the hopes of another; and if I have drawn around me the riches who have led the wife of my youth astray, and brought dishonor upon the mother of my children —and has allured my children into paths of sin, and hurried them into graves of shame. To attain wealth I exhausted all the energies of my youth—upon it I concentrated all the affections of my heart, and it has yielded but care and to the present, nevertheless, and vexation in the future. Away! Wilt thou relinquish thy riches?" asked the spirit. "What! relinquish my all?" shrieked the old man.

There was a strong and fearful struggle in his bosom, hopes and applause, fell upon the ear of a man pale but not trembling, whose bright eye and compressed lip showed firmness and defiance, while the full tones of his voice rose yet above the yells of the multitude, as he heard and read over the sentence. And at night he lay upon his couch, pale and death-like, and his labored breath and the heavy drops upon his clammy brow betokened his coming doom. And a low voice breathed in his ear. "Art thou satisfied? Then hast known the pleasures of fame—thou hast tasted the joys of success. Thy name echoes through three land, and thy praise is wafted to every breeze. Art thou still attuned to fame; art thou happy?" "Happy?" replied the hearer, as he opened his bright hollow eyes and gazed upon the form—"happy! Oh, this fame! What is the applause or the cause of the rabble to me! I have relinquished the pleasures of love, and the blessings of friendship, I have devoted my days to toil and my nights to study. I have lived a life of penury and loneliness, and on dying as poverty and wretchedness, in exile from my country and an alien to my kindred. And were these the blessings there didst promise—false, lying spirit!" "Thou didst but ask fame, not gain; I never that thy desires should bring thee happiness. That fame there hast attained—distinction among the living, and a name that men will call immortal. Then set dying, but thy name resounds in halls and palaces, in quiet homes and lonely cots; marble tablets and lofty monuments shall be raised to thee, and crowds and festal days shall perpetuate thy memory!" "Will they bring income to my sales to mock the misery of my life! Oh! I—moves to the dead! What will be the applause of man to me, when my ear is deafened by the cold, and the quick pulses of the heart are chilled by the damp?" "Calm thee, the marble monument shall but press and the stone heavily into the earth, and the flowers and the verdure that shall be refused in the silence of the tomb. Fame! What a mockery!" "Hold!" cried the dying man, as his eye glared and his features settled in death.

A crowded saloon was crowded with forms, and the merry laugh and the joyous dance echoed to the notes and bright eyes; and the wine sparkled, and voluptuous forms thronged the mazes of the dance. In the midst of the crowd was one who passed the palace of mankind, but his cheek was flushed and his hand trembled, and his eye glowed with strange brightness. As the gale beams of the morning fell upon the withered flowers, and flickering lamps and deserted halls, he turned to leave them, and met the spirit of the stream. "And thine is a life of pleasure. Thou hast desired but enjoyment—thou hast been favored in her train, and turned all that else can give. Hast thou found it all that thou desire—has it yielded all thou didst expect?" "What!" exclaimed the youth, "is there more than a life of pleasure? The foam that sparkles on the brim conceals the nauseous dregs beneath. See my trembling limbs, my wasted form. Health and hope and peace are gone. I look back upon a wasted youth—I look forward to an age of gloom. I have reclaimed the confidence of the good—I am sick of the smiles and flattery of the vicious. Days of languor and nights of unrest are the sights of dissipation. I seek the coveted and the banquet to escape from myself, and I sufferin amid the glare and revelry which there surround me." "And then hast the smiles of beauty, and hast known the joys of friendship." "Hollow and deceitful is the smile of love—and a wound is the lesser of pleasure. God forbear the friendship pledged over dice and wine. I feel then false, deceitful spirits, I needed not thy haunts to learn to be my doom. I have exhausted all that life offers—there remains but to die!" The spirit's sound of a spirit was heard, and he lay was wing in his blood.

In a quiet chamber lay a white-haired man. The spirit was not there, but there was wondering and sobs; and woman, pale and loving, with tearful eyes, still ministering to the dying; and child, with that strange trust upon its delicate frame, and there came the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and the prayer of the oppressed who had found a comforter. The lips of the dying man moved as he murmured. "Life and immortality!" and he raised his eye upon the spirit as he said, "Welcoming spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation" and with his last strength he again cried, "Blessed be his name for all the mercies of the past, for all the hopes of the future!"

Choice Poem.

THE HEART EVER YOUNG.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tide that is told,
The lives of other men:

I am not old, though friends and foes
Alike have gone before my graves,
And left me alone in my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my manner is cold,
Call me not old to day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore active and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart seems as it was, as of yore I sang,
Before they called me old!

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shriveled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft and fair,
As she was on our bridal day!

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I hear you now as I loved you once,
My loved little children then!

And, as my own grandsons rules on my knee,
Or gaily with his hoop or kite,
I can well construct I was merry as he—
The light of my heart is quite!

I'm not long since—it cannot be long—
My years as ours were spent,
Since I was a boy, with as careless and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream a dream—it is all a dream!
A shadow, and fiction, and lie!
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is as young as I!

Eye-lash are seen, tongue lash not told,
And ear lash not heard in song,
Hair may be gray—but the spirit it seem to grow old,
In the heart, forever young;

Forever young—though life's old age
Hath every sense enfeebled,
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

Our Scrap Book.

A BRAVE MAN.

The Richmond papers publish the obituary notice of Dr. McCaw. In reading that obituary we were struck with the heroic conduct mentioned in the following extract, which will no doubt prove as interesting to our readers as it did to us: When the appalling burning of the Richmond Theatre took place, in the winter of 1811, Dr. McCaw was present. At the city of Sir, considerable crowd and narrow lobby, he leaped from the side box on the stage, in the hope of securing the escape of his party hastily following. Once on the stage, he discovered such a mass of flame as most effectually cut off all egress at that way. Returning promptly to the box, he found the ladies swooning with, he forced his way to the honour-seat window, and, regardless of the danger, he leaped into the midst of the crowd of persons, whose every effort had proved unsuccessful in opening the shutters, which were strongly barricaded on the outside. By an effort of strength, almost supernatural, he dashed in pieces the obstacle, and the first grab of fresh air gave life to the fainting ladies, who were soon conducted safely. Taking his stand then by the high window, he announced his determination to secure the safety of each and every female that could be reached. A chair was carried into effect, and then (literally surrounded with flames) assisted the ladies in their descent, one by one, from the window. Of those who were thus rescued by the courage, the Senate, four months in the year, 150 miles and may be easily rendered navigable for 100 miles. The Colorado, which is navigable for 200 miles, may be navigated at least 400 miles, the Guadaloupe, navigable about 50 miles, the Nueces, about 150 miles; and the Rio Grande North, about 600 miles.

Curious Scraps.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

Unless we look back we cannot realize the rapid progress of improvement in the arts of the world. Look for a moment at the single article of steam. All our waters, bays, harbors, and rivers, are covered with steamboats. Even the Atlantic ocean is made to the country beholds them gliding about in every direction like fairy spirits upon the waters, without sails and without regard to the tide. They are scattered over the great lakes, and they line the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers for thousands of miles; and nineteenth steam-ships are running every week across the broad Atlantic.

On the 3d of August, 1807, the first steamboat that has become one of the most wonderful and most powerful agents in the hand of man. Railroads are shooting over the country in every land and in every direction, and the impatient locomotive with its iron lungs and breath of fire, will take to hill down cars and the like a whirlwind. Canals are faded off with them two or three hundred miles a day. And not only in our own country, but these things are witnessed all over the civilized world.

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TO JOEL BARLOW, PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New York is one hundred and fifty miles; I run it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. The latter is just five miles an hour. I had a light wind ahead the whole way going and coming, so that we can make no use of my sails; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I contract every day more confidence in my machinery, and feel well satisfied that it will be a very valuable property to me. In about five minutes a young lady, in whiskers, and mustachios, walked up to me, and asked me abruptly, "Sir, what is your name?" "Robert Fulton." "Why, sir, you have got my plan." "Have I?" said I, in a tone of surprise. "I am extremely welcome to it." Upon handling his empty snuff-box over his shoulder. A loud laugh ensued, and the man in the mustache and a very perceptible retreat.

Useful Knowledge.

DESCRIPTION OF TEXAS.

The State of Texas is now divided into thirty-five counties, viz—Galveston, Harris, Brazoria, Matagorda, Victoria, Gonzales, San Patricio, Refugio, Goliad, Jackson, Bexar, Bastrop, Travis, Fayette, Colorado, Austin, Port Bend, Washington, Montgomery, Liberty, Montgomery, (the giant counties) Liberty, Jefferson, Orange, Harrison, Nacogdoches, Rusk, San Augustine, Shelby, (some families still known as the Redland) Harrison, Brown, Red River, Fanning and Lamar.

Of these, Montgomery is the most populous of the counties, containing about twenty-five or thirty tons or those situated on the coast. Galveston is the largest city of Texas, though Houston, perhaps, contains about the same number of inhabitants. The next city of importance is San Augustine, in which are located the Washington College, with one hundred and twenty students, and a printing-office, with from sixty to seventy-five. It has a population of about two thousand.

Austin, the Seat of Government, in Travis county, at the foot of the San Saba Mountains, and figures prominently called the City of the Seven Hills. It is pleasantly situated on the Colorado, in one of the most picturesque and romantic portions of Texas. It has a population of twelve or fifteen hundred, and is rapidly increasing. The new constitution provides that the seat of government shall continue there until the year 1850, when, should the State be divided in the meantime, the probability is that it will be removed further east.

San Antonio de Bexar, near the extreme western frontier of Texas, on the San Antonio River, is the oldest and best built town in Texas. It contains about two hundred years ago, under the auspices of an association of Spanish Monks, and at one time contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants. But it has several times been nearly depopulated within the last century by the attacks from the Comanche Indians, it never having been adequately defended by its inhabitants, or the Spanish and Mexican Governments, nor until its present occupation by Texas, has it ever been safe. The town is built entirely of stone, and now contains a population of about fifteen hundred, principally Mexicans.

The Alamo, a dismantled fortress, the memorable scene of the immortal fate of Travis, Bowie and Crockett, is situated on the east bank of the San Antonio River, opposite the town, and contains within its walls a church in a partial state of preservation. There are also in the city a large Catholic cathedral, used by the Mexicans as a place of worship. This like all the other churches in the city, which there are five, are built in an ancient style of architecture, and give in the stronger the impression that he is wandering amid the Castilian edifices of old Spain.

There are two large public squares in the city of San Antonio, one called the Military Square, is devoted for military occupation, and the other the Civil Square, containing the public buildings of the municipal authorities.

About five miles above the city are the sources of the San Antonio River. These consist of three fountains," or springs, the largest covering nearly an acre, and the others smaller in size. The water of these fountains is unsurpassed for purity, and may be seen at the depth of forty feet. The outlets to these fountains unite a short distance below, and at a point about three miles above the city, there is a solid masonry in thrown across the stream, and aqueducts are from there constructed, on either side of the city, to convey the water for the use of the reservoir to the houses and gardens of the city and the plantations below. The aqueducts and dams are said to date perhaps a century and a half ago, by the Catholic establishment; and under the regulations then established the privilege of the use of the water was, as is said, permitted to use the water for irrigating his entire plantation as often as required, and as quantities proportioned to the extent of his possessions.

There are three old Catholic missionary establishments in the vicinity of San Antonio, situated, one over below the city, at intervals of a few miles. These—Conception, San Jose, and San Juan—are each a church, surrounded by a high wall, closed for purposes of defence. Within these walls are also the convent and other buildings, which were built for defence and protection of the neighboring farmers, and their families during the predatory visits of the Indians.

It is a curious fact, that in a city like San Antonio, with the improvements described, its antique churches and other buildings, and its walls of defence and fortresses, comparatively unknown, near the extreme Western frontier of this new infant republic of the wilderness.

The other principal towns of Texas, are Matagorda, at the mouth of the Colorado; Matagorda Bay, which forms, on the Gulf of Mexico, Corpus Christi opening into existence and numbering already about 2,000 people; Houston, the United States Army of near 5,000, making in all a population of about 7,000; Nacogdoches, Brazoria on the Brazos River, and Montgomery, the capital of the county of the same name.

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Ladies' Boudoir.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN FRANCE.

In the province of Touraine, the young peasant sometimes makes his first declaration to his mistress by offering a bouquet to the door of the house in which she resides, and afterwards sends a friend to inform her of his intention of offering himself. Upon his first visit, he sees immediately, by the arrangement of the kitchen or the dress of the girl, whether he will be favorably received or not; if they are in the ordinary position, he will be dismissed at once; if, on the contrary, they are placed on and apart, he understands that his intended offer will be refused. When he visits the family afterwards, he finds the two carriages gifts, which consist of the wedding-ring, generally of gold, except with the very poorest class, who provide a ring of silver; the veil, the garter, number, the usual offering consists, beside the ring, of a small gold cross, and frequently a silver cup, with a mass of money in proportion to the means. After the acceptance of these pages, the lady cannot retract without receiving all she received. The day is usually fixed by the parents, but the bride and bridegroom have to present themselves before the priest on the day of her first communion, and afterwards when about to present her husband with an hair. Should the residence of the bride be at some distance from the village church, it is the custom for the miller employed by the family to convey her thither on his horse or wain—a gentle old custom, fraught, I believe, with much natural meaning all due respect. The bride wearing on the back of her head a wreath of myrtle, and around her waist a ribbon of the same, with the length and breadth of the day's work, and leaves a more durable polish than any other process.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAG. FOR FEBRUARY.

LINES.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

The trials and sorrows await us through life,
Here and there the bright star they see not in vain,
And He who has sent them to chasten the heart
Will temper the cup, and give balm to our pain—
The soul after passing 'mid shadow and gloom,
Like mountain that breaks o'er the cloud mantled sky,
Rouse forth with a radiance more pure and more fair,
Its dross consumed in the fire's lingering ray.

And sometimes the blessings adversity brings—
And precious the lessons it leaves in the breast,
Those who forget them by prosperous days
The truths in the days of their sadness impress—
As gold from the furnace, their hearts have been cleansed
From the dross that has collected in peaceful rest,
And the' still in the world it may gather a stain,
Yet 'tis bright as it ever was found in a way.

The tried who has dwelt on our bitterest woe
Will sometimes be present with kindness and love,
And lends the crushed spirit with delicate care—
Or gathers it home to the glories above!
Then sorrow not, sad ones, the blessings are hovered low,
In earth's fleeting pleasures to find a relief,
But look to the future, and there set the mental vision,
For the heart must be pure e'er it conquer a grief.

Thrilling Sketch.

THE LOST CHILD.
A True Story of the Frontier.

About ten o'clock in the morning, was heard a loud shout at the door—Ho! Mr. Mc. Mr. Mc. "What's wanting?" "O Larry a boy is lost—little Johnny!" This was enough to secure a father's ardent love, and the whole family were in all their haste passed. "Little Johnny!" said I, and my heart bound forth at the very sound. He was a fair and lovely child, beautiful, and had a gentle and affectionate mother, with no solemn and sacrificing love for her children, and a few months before she had left husband—his hours and bound and rifle had more of his heart than all the world besides. But he was a kind and affectionate husband, and had met with the neighbors, and was more caresses and more sympathies than all the rest of the children together.

Such appeals are always sovereign, but few, perhaps, have ever met with a more quick or general response every body! almost every one flew like lightning; and men and boys for ten miles around were soon on the ground. Even women and children were running to and fro, and hailing every passer by, to learn the progress of the work. Some believed, that there was, near such a neighborly union as now pervaded the motley mass—the same gush of sympathy, the same fearful apprehensions, and the same images of death and woe, pervaded every home and heart. It seemed as if one vast cloud of gloom enwrapped the region round, from which no shone or a ray of light, but of which every eye was turned, and every pulse beat time—the lost child!

Little Johnny was about four years old; he had been out in the field with his father and the black boy, and in their harrowing care—had filled his little bag with coating ears, and had started for home about two o'clock, P. M. On returning at night, they ascertained that the child had not been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given; none fifteen or twenty neighbors took their horns and proceeded in every direction to find the child. At first soon, was the first object, of course; here they took single rows and scoured the field in vain. Then they went to the house, to see if he had returned—the first question was, "Is Johnny home?" "Is Johnny home?" was the response from every lip. Then the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle, winning tone of the fond mother—"Johnny, Johnny, my dear, father's come to—"

It was a cloudy evening, and though, perhaps, not had never burned the lone cabin-lamp with more cheerful promise," he prayed—O how earnestly he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The child was lost, and if it rain, so that it could not live, with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the winter's sun, and the cloudy sky, and the terror, with all fell, soon dared to breathe. A wolf had been prowling about the premises several nights, and a common path across the prairie—and the point where several beside myself had heard the cruel-cat distress, was but a fortnight before! Then, even in the midst of their anxious search, a distant growl would now and then burst upon the ear, picturing forth the dreadful fate.

The dogs were very eager in the field, especially the wolf dogs. Wonder, one of the best, would run and bark, and growl. O'Leary knew this, and watched with intense anxiety, his every move. He seemed to understand it all. "Down, Wonder, down! Lie down!" He leaps from his horse, he sees the feet prints of his own dear Johnny in the gopher hill by the corn-field. "Here, here, Wonder, here!" and off from Wonder's trail—oh, he breathes again!

The search was continued till midnight, when a part threw themselves on their horses and went out for daylight to begin afresh. But the father with three of his hunting friends, who had received not an ear of corn, still they had found the body, and kept on—sometimes eating, sometimes walking—calling and shouting, for the great purpose then to keep the wolves at bay. At length they dismounted, and, selves within hearing distance of each other, and with their guns ready, they lay down to rest, except in case they should hear him attacked, to watch until the morning.

At early dawn, about fifty new horsemen arrived and the search commenced anew. The field was examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt, as to the fact, by three successive parties. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf wood—the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his leg dragged along by his side. Here the father's anguish gushed anew, as the fears of the preceding night were pointed and corroborated. They now agreed to take a station of about 15 rods abreast, go one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of the extensive area further that he could possibly have travelled, had been explored. They had completed one side, and were returning, when the signal was given—Johnny was found! The noisy shouting, the firing of guns, and the blowing of horns announced the welcome carnival.

Johnny was found in the house, fell back at the first note of the approaching hosts, and he spoke a word, or scarcely breathe, till he smelled his own dear mother's breast. Then he was delighted hearts, and pressed him with a frantic embrace to his own panting breast. The dear boy was found about two miles from home. He was in a field, picking fillagts with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy, and when asked where he was going when he was lost, home, but it was so far. He said he hadn't seen any body, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid; that he ran till he could run no more, and then he laid him down on his bag and cried—but while he was crying he saw a big cat (cage go by with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning) and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep. He seemed amazed, to see so many around him, and all so glad to see him.—*N. Lousy Gazette.*

Juvenile Department

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, is much used on the water.
My 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, is very useful in civilized life.
My 3d, 6th, 7th, and 13th, is much done by dry goods merchants.
My 6th, 10th, 14th, and 15th, is often found and much admired in the flower garden.
My 11th, 12th, 13th, and 8th, is what we should never be at church.
My 7th, 10th, and 2d, is what we all do.
My 9th, 5th, and 14th, is not a very musical bird.
My 5th, 6th, 3d, and 14th, is a very useful word.
My 16th, 12th, and 6th, is a beverage much used in England.
My 13th, and 15th, was part of the coat of the Tories in the Revolution.
My 13th, 14th, 12th, and 8th, is a title of nobility.
My 13th, 2nd, and 4th, is a troublesome quadruped.
My 14th, 12th, and 9th, is what we must both observe and shun.
My 15th, 3d, 11th, 6th, and 13th, is an animal valuable for its fur.
My 10th, 2nd, and 13th, is much used by hunters.
My 4th, 2nd, and 6th, is a beverage much used in England.
My 13th, 2nd, and 13th, was part of the coat of the Tories in the Revolution.
My whole is one of the most important events that has happened in the present century.

S. E. T.

Lancaster, Pa., 1846.

EF Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

ENUMERATION VINDICATED.

Enumeration, Annotation, Conception, Acceptance in Good Odor, Contest, Amount, Schism, Preamps, Capella.

Answered by Brutus W. Woolgrist, aged 11 years, Lancaster, Pa., and three others.

East Marlborough, Chester County, Pa.

Agricultural.

THE PLOUGH IN THE GARDEN.

FROM THE FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Ten years experience in this country has convinced me that an entirely different system of gardening from that pursued in most of Europe and England, those who employ good gardeners, have generally a noble estate, descended from their ancestors to their children with it, an abundant store to keep the estate in first-rate order. Here, where fortunes have to be acquired, generally by personal industry, and preservation, it is not to be wondered that proprietors under these circumstances will be less lavish of expenditure. It appears to me that the whole system of gardening is bad, and English proprietors. The first expense may not be grudged. But the annual outlay for keeping the place in proper order is always so. I believe brother gardeners will bear me out in the assertion, that in nine cases out of ten, the first gardener is dismissed because the employer wishes to keep places in anything like order, either in England or here. The consequence is a disgust, and then pleasure, on the part of both gardener and employer.

To obviate these difficulties, then, I would propose, that the vegetable garden, at any rate, should be without box edgings and gravel-walks, and so contrived that the walks and alleys, for each kind of vegetable, let there be a continuous row of each the whole length or breadth of the garden, sown or planted, so that the hoe may be kept, and worked with one horse and cultivator, or plough without much hand—a garden so worked will be found productive, to the whole of the family, and to the gardener, it gives the gardener a little more time and opportunity to attend to the multiplicity of other matters that must not be neglected, and which occupy an immense amount of time, care, and attendance, and which are the pride of a place.

The objection in the plough in the garden on account of want of depth, is merely a prejudice—a plough that is not deep enough to plough the ground ought to be much more general in use. I noticed some fine ones at the Fair.

The game-keeper tells a different story," replied his landlady.

"Ooh! don't put faith in what that man says," replied Tim; "if he never came about shooting the truth may have. He told the father that my boy's ship was not to fit to fill the chair of justice as a judge!"

"Ay, indeed! and what did you say?"

"Please your lordship, I said your lordship may!"

EF "Would you die happy? Live well. A man was found at the door of a house, and prepared for death, and some would be if life were lengthened out a thousand years. A little more than a year ago, Mr. Maxwell called at the store of Messrs. Brinton, Warner & Co., and purchased one bottle, which relieved her very much. Call at any counting-house," exposed Hazen, George was not long in paying his respects.

"What security can you give me young gentleman?"

"My own personal security, sir."

"Very well, get in here!" says Hazen, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest.

"Get in here!" exclaimed George, in astonishment. "what for?"

"Why this is the place where I always keep my securities."

SMOOTHING BY ALCOHOL!—Please your lordship's grace and glory," replied Tim. "I shot a hare by accident."

"By accident," repeated Tim. "I was living at Bath, and the hare ran across my aim, all of his own accord."

"The game-keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Ooh! don't put faith in what that man says," replied Tim; "if he never came about shooting the truth may have. He told the father that my boy's ship was not to fit to fill the chair of justice as a judge!"

"Ay, inde